This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

This is a curious and rare book, and in the first
edition — It was reprinted a few years ago —
There is a curious folding frontispiece to the
first volume, coloured, showing the Duke
of Queensberry's ("old Q. or old Quiz") house
in Piccadilly, and the Duke gazing out
through a window — The work was
issued in boards, price 10/- and is noticed
Disraeli's Curiosities of Literature (Ashbee) in the following
very curt terms " This is a flimsy, bad
dotten book, of no literary worth — It
recounts the seduction of several girls
by the Duke of Queensberry, called by the
author "old Quiz" and contains other
anecdotes more or less scurrilous; it
cannot be recommended as a reliable,
or in any respect satisfactory memoir
of that notorious debauchee " (Curiosities
Literature, Prohibitorum, p. 342 —

Elsewhere, in the same monumental
work, at p.p. 211-2, in dealing with John
Shirley's Essay on Woman, Praxi gives
the following information as to Old Q.

" The Earl of March, afterwards
the notorious Duke of Queensberry
or Old Q, " whose life blasted into
this Century, and who certainly, as
Earl or duke, young man or greybeard
was not an ornament to any possible
society " was in fact a perfect
monster of depravity and folly " —
Praxi quotes the following account
them from Thackeray's " Four Georges "

" The legends about old Queensberry
are awful. In Selwyn, in Wraxall, and
contemporary chronicles, the observer
of human nature may follow him,
drinking, gambling, until pregnant to
the end of his career, when the wrinkled
[illegible]

"as wrecked and unrepentant as he h
"been at the hottest season of youth
"passion. There is a house in
"Piccadilly where they used to see
"a certain low window at wh
"old Queensberry sat to his very
"days, ogling through his spe
"glasses the women as they passed

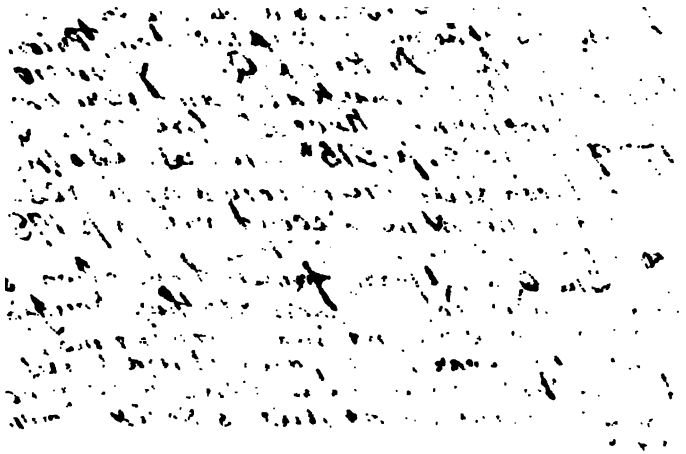
Frazer also quotes the following
particulars from G. W. Wilson's
"Wonderful Characters" p. 20
where a portrait of the Duke
is given:—

"He appears to have indu
"without restraint, in all the
"animal gratifications of hum
"life; but his passions outliv
"his power to gratify them.
"his mansion in Piccadilly,
"had a regular harem, form
"by the most infamous means
"in which females of all ages an
"all ranks were included"—

To the foregoing I may add that
a scarce book called "Dr Horsley, or
"follies of the day" (Lond: 1814) wh
has now (1913) been reprinted, ther
a chapter, suppressed in many
Copies, giving a dramatic accoun
of the Duke's last amour with
Gay woman at the famous Star
Garter Hotel, Richmond Hill, whe
he is seized with paralysis and hu
home to die—

notorious Hell Fire Club, composed of "
"of the Order of St. Francis" as they style
themselves, also met at Medmenham Brie
and he is the "Duke of Q——y" men
tioned in that remarkable and very r
book "Nocturnal Revels" (Lond, 2 v
1779) at Vol 2, p. 215, and is also
"Lord Piccadilly" mentioned and de
cribed in the same second vol, p.p. 1
to 208, and p.p. 209-15.

The Queensberry family have alwa
been a queer lot— Lord Arthur Doug
was for years the intimate (too intimat
friend of Oscar Wilde, and it was he
father the Marquis of Queensberry w
brought about Oscar Wilde's social do
fall—



211 ÷ .11

Chas. Dobell.

THE

PICCADILLY AMBULATOR

OR

OLD 2:

THE

Piccadilly

AMBULATOR;

OR,

OLD Q:

CONTAINING

MEMOIRS OF THE PRIVATE LIFE

OF THAT

EVER-GREEN VOTARY OF VENUS!

Throughout which are interspersed ANECDOTES of the most noted FASHIONABLES, his Contemporaries.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

BY J. P. HURSTONE, ESQ.

VOL. II.

The coronet which gives and receives splendor, when fixed on the brow of merit, glitters on the worthless head, like a mark of disgrace, to render vice, folly, and inhumanity conspicuous. GEORGE COLMAN THE YOUNGER.

Printed by J. DEAN, 57, Wardour Street, Soho.

FOR G. HUGHES, 212, TOTTENHAM-COURT-ROAD;
AND E. D. SYMONDS, 20, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1808.

other to mistake her bedchamber for his own, he therefore replied, that it was not his custom to allow any of the male sex to sleep under his roof; and that as to those snares of which the youth spoke, he trusted that he had wariness sufficient to escape their effects.

"Of a bad bargain make the best," says the proverb, and our young Quaker determined to adhere to the spirit of it.

He was nearly three weeks in the

employment of his new master, during which time he had only twice seen Sarah, and then in the presence of her father and mother at meeting

So circumspect, however, in his conduct was his lordship, that he contrived to hoodwink the old couple; and during the two interviews alluded to, found means to steal a few glances at the lovely *Quakeress*, of which she seemed not only to comprehend the meaning, but to answer them in a manner very pleasing to her enamorata.

This was sufficient encouragement for a man of his lordship's sanguine disposition, and he determined, on the very first opportunity, roundly to make the proposal to her of eloping with him.

At the end of the three weeks already mentioned, the wished for opportunity occurred, whether chance or design gave rise to it, we will not pretend to determine.

It so happened, that the parents of Sarah had got themselves in readiness

to proceed to the conventicle, whither they desired their daughter and hopeful book-keeper to accompany them.

Sarah not having exerted her usual alacrity in making her toilet, could not immediately comply with the wish of the old couple, who, impatient to arrive at the holy assembly, and placing implicit confidence in his lordship, directed him to *tarry* for Sarah, and conduct her after them to the conventicle.

Lord Marchmont has since frequently acknowledged, when recount-

ing the story over his bottle, that he felt surprised at the Quaker's not having discovered the raptures wherewith the aforesaid injunction filled his mind, since they must have influenced his features, which, till then, he managed with the utmost rigidity.

Certain it is, however, that the Quaker, and the bone of his bone, marched onwards, leaving the young pair to make the most of their time; and we must do them the justice to say, that, in this point, they were by no means deficient.

Lord Marchmont quickly made known his quality to Sarah, professed himself her ardent admirer, exhausted his rhetorical stores in placing the blessings of liberty, and the pleasures to which he would lead her, in the most prominent point of view; and, in fine, persuaded the fair Quaker to turn her back upon her family, and the Society of Friends, set scandal at defiance, and pursue worldly vanities.

Sarah's readiness to cast herself into the arms of one who, to her, was almost an utter stranger,—who avowed him-

self an impostor, and an ungrateful wretch, affords an excellent lesson to those parents who debar their children of reasonable pleasures, and seclude them from society, in order to preserve their innocence from contamination.

As in the present instance, it nevertheless not unfrequently happens, that such a mode of proceeding directly counteracts the effects it is meant to produce.

A certain portion of relaxation is as necessary for the mind of every human

being, as ease from the pressure of the string is for a bow; without such indulgence, both become weak, and incapable of fulfilling those ends for which they are assigned.

The human mind must be employed: it is naturally of a restless turn; and when ordinary occupation is not varied by amusement, it becomes eager to catch at any thing that will supply its vacuum: moreover, a certain knowledge of the world, and its crooked ways, ought absolutely to be at-

tained by those whom chance may cast upon the unsettled bosom of busy life.

To return to our anecdote, Sarah accompanied her lover (we fear the term will be deemed inapplicable) to the west end of the town.

Here the splendour of the mansion to which she was introduced, the multiplicity, delicacy, and novelty of the viands and wines with which she was presented, soon dazzled the eyes of an unimproved understanding, and ren-

dered the imprudent Quaker an easy prey to the designs of the nobleman.

To be brief, Lord Marchmont, before the dawning of the morning subsequent to the elopement, attained the consummation of his utmost desires in regard to Sarah, whom he found no great difficulty in reconciling to the ignominious situation to which she was reduced, and persuading her to continue in the course upon which she had so unreluctantly entered.

The appearance of an advertisement in most of the daily prints, describing the persons of Sarah and the companion of her flight, and offering a large reward for the apprehension of both, or either of them, deterred his lordship from shewing off his prize for some time, at least till he had hushed up the affair, and convinced the Quaker that he was sufficiently strong to break through the web of the law, in case he took any harsh proceedings.

By what means this was effected, we know not; but Lord Marchmont

at length found himself in a situation to gratify his own vanity, and the curiosity of the world of gallantry, by exhibiting his lovely Quaker, who had parted with her sober habiliments, and put on the gaudy trappings of the profane.

In the Park, at the Opera, the Pantheon, Ranelagh, and the Theatres, Sarah now appeared the gayest of the throng; and so little were her attractions impaired, that his present M——y, then P—— of W——, so strongly felt the effects of them, as to endeavour to

supplant his lordship, and this he effected with no great difficulty.

Sarah lived for several years with her r——l owner. By this connexion, birth was given to two children; one of whom at present holds a high situation in the army, whilst another lives in a retired manner at P~~i~~m~~b~~co.

A short time previously to his M——y's ascending the throne, the buxom Quaker, either deserted him, or was deserted by him.

Be that as it may, a reputable merchant of the same persuasion as her father, an inhabitant of the populous town of Birmingham, induced her once more to resume the close coif and stuff gown, and with him to enter into the holy state of wedlock.

Sarah now resides with her husband, in the aforementioned town. She speaks with regret of her mispent time, and mourns for the follies of her past life, endeavouring, both by precept and

marked — " Although your R——l H——ss has got the whip-hand side of me in this instance, I doubt not but I shall be able soon to match *sly-boots* by as neat a little creature as ever ;"— *(cetera desunt.)*

When his lordship expressed this expectation, he did not speak at random.

Queen-square was then as it now is, a nursery for the rising female generation ; and as is now the case, during a certain portion of each day, the

young ladies, who belonged to the boarding schools, were allowed to promenade within the inclosed part of the square.

The lovely Miss Chudleigh, who was then beginning to disclose those charms that afterwards excited the admiration of all the beaux, and rendered her the reigning toast of the day, received the seeds of education in the principal of the Queen-square boarding schools; and, of course, with the rest of the scholars, took the diurnal promenade.

Lord Marchmont happening to pass one day through the square, stood to gaze at the bevy of beauty that advanced up the walk towards the situation occupied by him.

At this period, his lordship might be said to be in his prime; he therefore attracted, as it may naturally be supposed, the eyes of the fair promenaders, among the foremost of whom was Miss C——, who, from her earliest day, evinced no small predilection for the well-favoured part of the male sex.

The prominency of her situation, as well as the superiority of her appearance, engaged, in a particular manner, the attention of his lordship, who having patiently waited till she had another tour of the square, took off his hat, and directing his eyes as pointedly as possible towards her, made a most profound bow.

The young lady, probably in compliment to the star which ornamented his left breast, returned the mark of distinction shewn her by an *en passant* curtesy.

Lord Marchmont augured favourably from this first reception of his addresses, which, even at the moment, he would have endeavoured to prosecute farther, had not the approach of two or three governesses warned him to retire, lest his appearance should create suspicions that might tend to nip his prospects in the bud.

It was on the day after this occurrence took place, that he made the observation to the P—— of W—— already quoted; and, on the same day, he held a consultation with his stead-

fast friend, de F——, in order to frame the plan of such operations as might conduce to the forwarding of those designs which he began seriously to entertain in regard to Miss C——.

On the first view of the project, it appeared capable of being perfected with much greater facility than any that his lordship had before been engaged in; for as M. de F—— very justly observed, in the course of a conference with the former on the subject, boarding schools are environed by a set of mercenary servants, most of whom

would, if it were in their power, sacrifice the virtue of all the girls in Christendom at the shrine of self-interest.

It was, therefore, resolved upon by the worthy pair, between whom those casualties, birth and fortune, alone made the slightest distinction, that, through the medium of one of those excellent domestics, a letter should be conveyed to the young lady, whose personal perfections had ensnared his lordship's affections.

The grand difficulty was, to give a

proper description of her person, for of her name Lord Marchmont was perfectly ignorant, and, as libertines seldom think deeply, equally indifferent, except on account of the bar which his want of knowing it, opposed to his design.

We make this observation, because we are certain that if his lordship *did* think, he would experience certain tremors, to which even men of *his* spirit are sometimes subject, lest the family of the girl, whom he was about to con-

sign to infamy; should call him to an account for his conduct, and inflict a severe and merited chastisement upon him.

Many were the ingenious contrivances proposed by my lord and his agent, to obviate the aforesaid difficulty; but none seemed more likely to have the desired effect than the following, which was successfully put in execution:

Monsieur, without being under the necessity of over-exerting his persua-

sive abilities, quickly tickled the avaricious appetite of an old infirmarian, who was in the habit of attending such of the young ladies as chanced to be indisposed at the boarding school in which Miss C—— was. To this beldam his lordship pointed out the object that had excited his desires, as she took her usual walk, and to her delivered the *billet doux*, which he hoped, nor hoped in vain, was to prove the instrument of obtaining for him the happiness he so much desired to attain.

In short, Miss C—— returned an

answer that put the matter beyond a doubt; and, in less than a week from her first interview with Lord Marchmont, she became an inmate of his lordship's beautiful villa at A——, in W—l—s, where, whether it were the contemplation of the Avon's windings, the adjacent plains, the architecture of Inigo Jones, the decorations bestowed upon the interior of the building by Lord Burlington, the attentions of Lord Marchmont, or what else, we know not, she remained for nearly a fortnight, and has since been heard to declare, with more gaiety than delicacy,

that the time rolled away so imperceptibly, she did not imagine herself to have sojourned there more than a day or two.

This, in some degree, proves that Lord Marchmont, "in the days of his youth," was, as a certain nobleman lately observed, a man of insinuating manners, and the most bewitching conversation.

Alas! as the poet of Nature has it, "the tide of *true* love never did run smooth;" and we believe, that to love

of *every description* the same remark is by no means inapplicable. Upon the present occasion it turned out so; for, at the end of the halcyon fortnight, the guardian of the fair fugitive having, either by art, magic, or some other more ordinary mode, discovered her retreat, made his unwelcome appearance at the grove in which the turtle doves were *more* than billing and cooing; and, equally deaf to the threats of the nobleman and the intreaties of the lovely sinner, actually tore the latter from that situation, which legal advocates term *nudus cum nudâ*, and

compelling her to return with him to the capital, secured her for a certain period against any attacks of a nature similar to that which we have just recorded.

Fortunately for Lord Marchmont, he had on this occasion to deal with a person (we mean Miss C——'s guardian), who, like himself, thought life more valuable than honour, and who, equally with him, abhorred the smell of gunpowder: he, therefore, was per-

mitted to escape the punishment to which he subjected himself by his imprudence; but it is nevertheless to be observed, that he made a solemn promise, not only to *sink* the transaction, but to refrain from making any further attempts upon the person of Miss C——.

That he did not adhere to the first part of his promise, we need hardly observe; and as to the second, it is an ascertained fact, that after Miss C——'s

marriage with the Duke of K[illegible], his grace did not more bask in the sunshine of her smiles than Lord Marchmont.

CHAPTER III.

The Opera Goddess.—Some particulars relative to a Lady who lately distinguished herself in Westminster-Hall.—Crim. Con.—and an Accident.

"*EXPERIENTIA docet,*" says the adage, and possibly on that account his lordship was not ready to embark in another *privateering* adventure of the amorous kind; for it appears that a celebrated opera-singer next supplied

the vacuity in his affections, occasioned by his *cruel* separation from the lady of whom we have just been speaking.

Here, indeed, his lordship had nothing to dread on the score of his *chere amie's* offended virtue rousing the vindictive spirit of a host of knights-errant.

We know not if it be the softness of the Italian climate that renders softer pleasures so very prevalent among those who inhale the air of that heavenly country, but certain it is, that

most of those who resort to this island from the *seat of the muses*, hold in the most sovereign contempt all the frigid notions relative to virtue, modesty, and discretion, with which our careful matrons are ever endeavouring to fill the minds of their fair progeny.

To give a detailed account, therefore, respecting the conquest of the heart of an opera goddess, would so much resemble the bombastic stuff with which the columns of the Moniteur are filled, when describing the defeat of General Mack, or some other

equally magnanimous wight, by the imperial army, that we are not willing to surfeit our readers by the dose.

Our hero soon came to an understanding with the Signora who had charmed him by *her* notes; and, in return, only desired to be charmed by a few of *his*.

On the same night that the *delicate* bargain was closed, an event occurred that obliges us to change the title under which we have hitherto designated the subject of these memoirs.

The late Duke of ~~Quis~~ Queensberry died, and Lord Marchmont succeeded to the dukedom.

The bustle occasioned in the family by the demise of the old duke, did not prevent his grace, the new one, from paying his devotions at the shrine of his newly-erected idol; and when all the world supposed him to be indulging in solitude the grief generally experienced on the death of a near relative, he was revelling in the arms of his fair consoler.

Time, however, brought him forward once more, and having sustained the usual volley of condolences, congratulations, and petitions, he determined to sport the fair creature, whom hitherto decency had forbid him to produce to the world as his mistress.

The honour which the Signora derived from her open connexion with a duke of the first fortune in the kingdom, did not, however, seem a sufficiently strong motive to prevent her tender affections from wandering in some degree.

George Selwyn, one of the most celebrated wits of the age, participated in the favours of the soft-hearted Italian; and it is even said, that his grace was not wholly unacquainted with the circumstance.

George, however, was a man of spirit, as well as a *bel esprit*, and thus doubly armed, the duke, who was vulnerable on every side, did not seem inclined to encounter him.

At length, the Signora's *expanded* disposition led her beyond the bounds of prudencé.

It is well known that Q—— has always taken an apparent pride in retaining comely domestics, of both sexes, in his service.

One of his footmen, who was no exception to the general rule, attracted the attentions of the Italian syren, and his grace having returned home one evening, rather unexpectedly, from Renny's, caught the knight of the shoulder-knot, and his frail mistress, closely locked in each other's arms.

The scene that succeeded the un-

lucky discovery, defies the power of description. The catastrophe may, ever, easily be conceived.

John was dismissed *instanter*, and the blushing Signora ordered to make a movement *allegrissimo*, with which she complied, leaving his grace a *forlorn* bachelor.

We do not understand that he formed a permanent *acquaintance* with any female for a considerable period subsequent to his parting with the amorous Italian; and, it is said, that many lures

were thrown out in consequence, to induce him to enter into that state, which, according to circumstances, may be denominated a Heaven or a Hell; but Q—— would not nibble.

Dr. Johnson has remarked (we quote from memory), that "matrimony has many pains, but celibacy no pleasures;" and this remark has been received by the admirers of the rough lexicographer, as a sort of *scriptural* fact.

We, however, with all due deference to the doctor's superior understanding,

think that it was one of those random shots which the *furor scribendi* has frequently caused *great* and *small* wits to fire off, and which verifies the more excellent remark of Pope, that

"Wits, just like fools, at war about a name,
"Have, full as oft, no meaning, or the same."

And we will venture to assert, in confirmation of the validity of our opinion, that the number of married men discontented with their situation, far exceeds that of bachelors of the same disposition. Our hero, we be-

lieve, opines with us; for neither beauty; wealth, or accomplishments, all of which have been tendered him in exchange for his liberty, have hitherto had the effect of perfecting the bargain.

It is nevertheless whispered in some of the higher circles, at the very period in which we write, that the fascinating Mrs. A—k—ns, formerly the much-admired breeches-figure on the stage (Miss W—l—o—e), has laid close siege to his grace.

Whatever truth this blast of fame may carry with it, would be difficult to decide; but that the lady in question has *encamped* very near the trenches of the antiquated nobleman, is an indubitable fact, as also that she makes frequent *visitorial* and *conversational* attacks upon him.

Although the Duke of Quiz has never gathered for himself a connubial *bouquet* from the numerous *parterres* of loveliness and rank that have been, and are presented to his view, he seems not to have been totally insensible to

the pleasures which might be derived from the female inhabitants of the matrimonial world.

We have already stated, that the Duchess of K—— smiled upon him subsequent to her marriage with the nobleman whom she so grossly injured in every respect; and it has been asserted, with much appearance of truth, that many of her nights were consumed in repeating with Quiz those guilty scenes, which first were acted subsequent to her flight from Queen-square.

But very few of Q——'s amours with married ladies have gained publicity, owing, we believe, in a great measure, to his grace's timidity; for, although he could, without inconveniencing himself, afford to defray the expences attendant on a *simple affair*, he was well aware that a considerable infringement upon the bulk of his fortune might be the result of a *crim. con.* action, since English jurors generally take care to make the wealthy pay in purse, as they do the needy in person, when either are found trespassing upon Hymen's bounds.

The two following anecdotes will prove that what we have just said respecting Quiz's dread of the laws, was not without foundation.

The lady of a worthy Norfolk baronet having met our hero at a splendid masquerade, given at the residence of the Duke of K——, so far acknowledged the power of his seductive abilities, as to inform him that her spouse, "good easy man," being engaged on a certain night to plead the cause of his constituents in the House of Com-

mons, would leave his *soul's treasure* unguarded, and (not to speak enigmatically) that she should be alone, in undress, sipping coffee, or some other beverage, at the hour of nine, when, if his grace would assist her in making a *tete à tete*, little matters might be talked over, which could not well be discussed in a public assembly.

The lady was handsome, her eyes were black as sloes, and her locks of a corresponding hue; circumstances which, we understand, in no smal degree, tended to turn the beam

his grace's inclinations towards her invitation.

It would be derogating from our hero's well-known character for gallantry, to assert that he was *not* punctual to the appointed hour, and injustice towards the lady's veracity, to say that her promise was forgotten.

On Q——'s arrival, he found his charmer literally in undress; even more so than is the most shameless *nude* of the present day. She received

his grace with the utmost warmth, and the *little matters* produced a very close conversation, which soon—alas! too soon—was interrupted by a watchful abigail's conveying the unwelcome intelligence to the amorous pair, that her master having been attacked by a fit of the gout before he could reach the parliament-house, had returned home, and was at that moment coming up stairs, for the purpose of passing an hour or two with his *frail rib*.

The sound of a heavy footstep on the staircase confirming the truth of

the above report, compelled the Duke of Quiz to consult his safety by flight; for to remain in the room, would not only ruin the lady's reputation, but expose him to the chance of either undergoing a *blanketting* or a *cudgelling*, and indubitably to the attacks of the long-robed gentlemen.

To escape unperceived by the ordinary way, that is, by the door of the chamber, was impossible, since there was a certainty of encountering the baronet on the stairs in case he attempted.

bath, were the only means by which the careful abigail, who had descended for the purpose of admitting him by the back-door, could discover the awkward situation in which he was.

As soon, however, as she heard those direful sounds, announcing the accident that had occurred, she ran towards the butt, and demanding whether his lordship were inside of it, received a guggling reply in the affirmative; whereupon, with infinite pre-

sence of mind, and admirable dexterity, she overturned the vessel, thus preserving the noble duke from that fate, which some will think might have been his due.

CHAPTER IV.

The Bird of Paradise.—The Marchioness W——.

WE believe, the adventure recorded in the last chapter, threw *cold water* upon many embrio designs of his grace against married ladies, at least for some time, since we find that for a considerable period subsequent to it, he led

an easy life with the celebrated B-rd of Paradise, who afterwards captivated the heart of the present P-nce of W-les; and who, at this moment, in the 60th year of her age, resides in the Isle of Man, under the protection of a Hibernian refugee.

The anecdote to which we alluded, respecting the other matrimonial adventure, has been related in different ways; but the following we are inclined to think bears as strong marks of probability as most of the others.

We now, it must be understood, no longer view our hero in the light of a youthful, volatile sprig of nobility,—furrows had already begun to disfigure his once well-braced visage; maugre cosmetics, and all the arts of Parisian *charlatans*.

His locks assumed that hue which generally indicates the near approach of the unwelcome visitor, old age; yet in Q—— "the hey-day of the blood" did not appear "tame" nor "humble."

Time had not been able to eradicate

from his mind his youthful propensities; and swayed by them, he once more attempted to exert those powers of persuasion, which, he hoped, were not totally annihilated.

The Marchioness W——, then just arrived from her native country, Italy, where she had been seen, admired, taken off the stage, and raised to the station which she at present so respectably fills, by the marquis, her husband, made an impression upon the heart of the old dotard, which he found it so difficult to erase, that he

resolved upon demanding her ladyship's assistance to effectuate his design.

The marchioness, we find no small pleasure in declaring, is not, by any means, liable to that obloquy which is usually cast upon the characters of Italian females.

Her virtue, nay, her reputation, is unsullied, and in the modesty and humility which her demeanour exhibits, as well as in the affection she testifies

towards her lord, she is a fit model even for the British fair.

Possibly his Grace of Quiz might not have been aware of those circumstances, or he would not have been guilty of that temerity which we are about to give an account of.

The Marquis, sometime previously to his going to India, visited at the house of his grace.

In those visits he was most commonly accompanied by the amiable,

marchioness; and upon one occasion of this sort, Q—— having found an opportunity of privately conversing with her, proposed an assignation, which, though at first it appeared sensibly to wound her feelings, she afterwards seemed inclined to listen to.

Presuming upon this apparent willingness on the part of the marchioness, he pushed his suit with still greater warmth; and, at length, wrung from the lovely foreigner a promise that she would be *at home* on a certain evening.

That wished for evening arrived, and Quiz, in tip-top spirits, repaired to the house in which, he trusted, he should meet with a most tender reception.

On his reaching the place of assignation, every thing tended to confirm his hopes.

A female servant admitted him, and, as if previously informed of the motive of his visit, without uttering a syllable, closed the door as soon as he had entered, and motioning him to fol-

low her, led the way to a small room, into which she introduced him, desiring him to remain there for a few minutes, and he should be waited upon.

In one part of the room was a sofa, and in another a piano-forte, which appeared as if it had just been used, as a pair of wax lights, and a piece of music, were placed on it, and it lay open.

His grace experienced a sort of thrilling sensation in every vein: he approached the instrument, and look-

ing at the piece, found it to be Sestini's rondo, commencing "*Mi sento nel*," &c.

"Sweet creature!" he loudly exclaimed; — "adorable woman! — no doubt you thought of *me* when you sat down to this, and your tender confusion would not permit you to see me till ———."

The sound as of somebody approaching the apartment, prevented the accomplishment of the soliloquy, and with a beating heart, his arms stretch-

ed forth in the most engaging manner, and his countenance lighted up by libidinous flames, he hobbled towards the door.

But great was his dismay, chagrin, and vexation, when, on its opening, the marchioness, *led by her lord*, made her appearance!

Not poor Tom King himself, by his happiest effort, ever pourtrayed the disappointment of *Lord Ogleby*, at the door of *Fanny's* chamber, more appropriately than it was exhibited in the

appearance of poor Q—— upon this occasion: neither speech nor motion would come to his aid, and he stood a perfect statue of disappointed infamy, to the no small entertainment of the Marquis W—— and his virtuous consort, who could hardly preserve their gravity.

The ludicrous scene was, however, quickly diversified by the marchioness informing the bewildered nobleman, that she had taken the liberty of making the marquis acquainted with the honour which his grace intended her,

and that he (the marquis) considered himself peculiarly happy in having an opportunity of witnessing a display of his grace's vocal powers.

"Come, therefore, duke," added she, "the instrument and a favourite air of yours are in readiness:—suppose we begin."

The first part of the marchioness' speech had, if possible, increased the duke's embarrassment, for which, when in some degree relieved by the conclusion, he endeavoured to apologise.

His grace is certainly an admirer of, and considerably proficient in Italian music; but, on the present occasion, all the fine women in the universe could not have prevailed upon him to sing a single note.

He was, therefore, once more compelled to exert his apologetic abilities, and asserting, that a spasmodic affection prevented him from complying with the request of the marchioness, he withdrew, and muttering curses against the authoress of his confusion, he ascended his *vis à vis*, in which, no doubt, he fully vented his spleen.

It is almost needless for us to observe, that the impression made upon the duke's mind by this affair, prevented him from soon again making attempts of a similar nature; and, indeed, we do not find that any of the wedded fair have since been troubled by his gallant advances.

CHAPTER V.

Another Dress-maker—And an Eulogium upon a certain Earl.

STILL his predilection for the softer sex remained unabated, as will appear by two adventures, neither of which redound eminently to his credit.

The house of Mrs. ——, in a cer-

tain square, is decidedly one of the first dress-makers in London, and we will not hesitate to say, one of the chiefest hot-beds of vice within the precincts of that metropolis.

A young lady, in the employment of the said dress-maker, who, like the unfortunate Stella, possessed more virtue than was necessary for sustaining her reputability with her mistress, had sufficient charms to catch the eye of old Q——, who pays a monthly visit to the house of Mrs. ——, not, as it may be supposed, for the sole purpose

of witnessing her pupils' progress in the needle art.

An elegant dress was fixed upon by his grace, and directions were given to the young lady, whom he had regarded with peculiar attention, to carry it to P~~l~~cc~~a~~d~~ll~~y.

The mandate was complied with: the lovely girl was introduced into the parlour, facing the G~~ll~~n P~~a~~rk, in which room was his grace, who first exerted all those powers of language

that once answered his purposes; but which, in the present instance, were unavailing.

From solicitations, promises, and pecuniary offers, the duke changed his mode of attack to manual exertion; but the young lady, favoured by her cause, as well as by the superiority which, in point of strength, youth gave her over the old debauchee, effected her escape from his nauseous embrace, and gained the door of the room; but it was fastened on the outside: she

then ran towards the windows, which she endeavoured ineffectually to raise.

His grace now regaining breath, pursued the fugitive, and attempted to drag her into the interior of the apartment.

Anxious to obtain immediate aid, the object of his criminal designs dashed out several panes of glass.

The Earl of Y——— happened to be the only person then passing, and eager as well to protect the girl, as to

save the reputation of his father-in-law, he gained admittance, and quickly put an end to the fears of the one, and the vile efforts of the other.

Having prevailed upon his unworthy relative to retire, he obliged the young lady, who had been so grossly insulted, to accept of a considerable sum, which his grace had offered as the price of her honour, and with many apologies for the violence that had been done her, dismissed her.

We understand that this worthy

nobleman has since amply provided for the young lady whom he was instrumental in preserving from infamy.

Inasmuch as we feel pain in developing the vices of his relation, we experience no small pleasure in paying a just tribute to the virtues of the Earl of Y———.

A considerable time has elapsed since, in opposition to vulgar prejudices, he united his destiny with that of Miss F——, an elegant and accomplished woman, *natural* daughter to

his Grace of Quiz, who, to do him justice, gave her a marriage portion of no less than one hundred thousand pounds.

This sum proved of infinite utility to the earl, whose circumstances, at the time of the union, were not totally unembarrassed.

His conduct since has been that of a truly affectionate husband; and, in every respect, so very exemplary, as to be worthy the imitation of most of his compeers.

For a short period he was detained prisoner in France; but we are happy to find that he has once more returned to his native land and family, and now resides near his father-in-law, whose follies and vices he constantly endeavours to restrain.

CHAPTER VI.

——'s *Adventures at an Inn.*

THE next, and a truly ridiculous affair in which the Duke of Quiz distinguished himself, was one that found its way into the Morning Post, and the other scandalous journals, as an anonymous anecdote.

His grace pays an annual visit to his Sc—tch estate, of which, in a former part of this work, we made mention.

In the course of one of his journies thither, he stopped to dine at a noted inn upon the northern road.

Just as his grace alighted at the door of this inn, a chaise, in which was a charming girl, whose appearance did not bespeak her above eighteen, drove up.

Q—— was stricken by her loveli-

ness at first sight, and perceiving that she was unaccompanied, assiduously offered her his protection while she remained in the house.

The gallant offer was readily accepted of, and before night, which his grace determined to pass in the inn, the understanding between the lovely female and her protector became so perfect, that the former consented to occupy a chamber adjacent to that in which the duke proposed sleeping.

To account for the pliability of the

damsel's temper on this occasion, it may not be deemed unnecessary to state, that she had just quitted not the most honourable of services, although it was that of an honourable *by title*, and finding herself by no means flush of cash, she determined upon consigning her charms for one night to the arms of her star-breasted acquaintance, thinking thereby to replenish the nearly exhausted store of her purse.

How far she succeeded, we are unable to ascertain; but it is more than probable his grace was taken in for a

pretty good sum, as the lady was completely adept in the Cyprian science.

Unfortunately for our hero, he did not reap the fruits of his acquaintance with the lady as peaceably as he could have wished.

A captain of dragoons, well known from the eccentricity of his character, happened to be in the inn at the time that the negociation was going on, and having learned from an officious chamber-maid the propinquity of the dam-

sel's resting-place to that of her temporary protector, he immediately *smelt a rat*, and resolved upon laying a trap.

In order to forward his design, he procured a chamber adjacent to those of the happy pair, and having retired to it as for the night, took care to leave his door in so convenient a position, that he might have ocular, as well as oral cognizance of every thing that should pass in the gallery, into which most of the chambers opened.

His surmise proved not entirely groundless.

The lady was first lighted to *her* apartment, and the gallant, gay Lothario, in a few minutes afterwards, to *his*.

This done, all was once more darkness and silence; but scarcely had a quarter of an hour elapsed, before the noble duke, attired in a flowered night-gown, blue velvet slippers, and a muslin night-cap, trimmed with lace, holding a taper in his hand, was seen by

the vigilant captain, to step cautiously towards the door of his fair neighbour.

A gentle tap announced his arrival at the seat of bliss; the door was quickly opened, and his grace admitted into the chamber of the lovely impure.

The captain perceiving all that had occurred, left his chamber with the utmost precaution, gently locked the door after him, and put the key into his pocket: then advancing on tiptoe, he gained the chamber which had

just been quitted by the *ill-starred* nobleman, and having fastened the door within, took possession of our antiquated hero's bed.

We know not whether the slumbers of the captain were so profound as that he could not easily be aroused from the arms of Somnus; but the duke, who tore himself from those of his bewitching bedfellow as soon as Sol began to peep at their tender dalliance, found it impossible either to awake his *locum tenens*, or to gain admission to his own chamber.

The chagrin of the duke may easily be conceived: he had recourse to the advice of the fair deluder; but, alas! he found that her invention was not equal to her charms.

To remain in her room would, as *she* said, ruin her reputation, and as *his grace* knew, tend to draw upon him the ridicule of the hotel's inmates; he therefore made another effort to rouse the apparently lethargic intruder, but in vain.

At length he endeavoured to get

into one of the neighbouring chambers; but all of them were occupied, except the captain's, which, as we have premised, was locked.

Rheumatism, gout, fever, death, the probable consequences of his taking cold, lightly clad as he was, rushing at once upon the imagination of the noble duke, drove him to desperation, and with more violence than prudence, he thundered at the door of the inexorable captain, at the same time loudly demanding admittance.

The noise occasioned by his grace's efforts to regain possession of his usurped couch, alarmed, and at length brought to the gallery every soul in the inn.

Description would be utterly baffled in attempting to convey an adequate idea of the scene that now took place.

Landlord, landlady, bar-maid, chamber-maids, hostler, waiters, boots, and visitants, all flocked to the field of action; nay, even the frail miss who had been the origin of the disturbance,

slipped on a night-gown, and lisped out a few inquiries as to the cause of the excessive *bruit* by which her ears were offended, and her innocent slumbers broken.

The waggish captain now thinking his plot ripe, made his appearance, and with a thundering oath demanded the reason of all the noise made at his door.

The duke who stood, as it were, a statue of ill-humour and stifled rage, quickly explained that the chamber

which the captain had just quitted was his.

The son of Mars now began to make apologies for the inconvenience to which he had put his grace, observing, that he was subject to walk in his sleep, which, he supposed, was the case with the nobleman.

Thus ended the frolic: but when his grace came down to breakfast, he was assailed on every side by ironical condolences and inquiries, each of which was a dagger to his feelings.

In short, he left the inn in far less spirits than he had entered it.

Of the young lady who, in some sort, participated in the ridicule cast upon her gallant, we have only to remark, that the captain, by taking and continuing her under his protection, has endeavoured to atone for the uneasiness his love of frolic had given her.

CHAPTER VII.

——— *as he is.—Conclusion.*

WE have now laid before our readers the whole of the remarkable adventures in which the annals of gallantry represent the hero of these memoirs to have been engaged, and it only remains for us to put the finishing touch

to the faithful portrait which we have been endeavouring to depict.

For this purpose, we shall now regard the Duke of Quiz as *he is*, for hitherto we have almost exclusively described him as *he was*.

We have heretofore observed, that his grace has never evinced the slightest inclination towards becoming a member of the matrimonial club, though even now some of our first-rate belles seem anxious to achieve that conquest which, ere now, possibly excited the

emulative spirits of their grandmothers.

It is difficult to say what follies a man may commit when under the influence of dotage; but we are inclined to think that the duke, since "custom hath in him," probably, "made it a property," will still adhere to the tenets of Celibacy's votaries.

For some years past, his grace has supported, and, in fact, continues to support nearly as many concubines, in

various parts of the town, as might serve to stock the seraglio of the Grand Signior.

To each of those deluded wretches, he pays occasional visits, and upon many of them has settled comfortable annuities for life.

Would to Heaven that the sums thus expended, were appropriated to better purposes!

While, however, we condemn the vices and follies of his Grace of Quiz,

we shall not leave ourselves liable to the charges of injustice and prejudice, by suppressing those acts which reflect credit upon his name.

His acts of benevolence have, of late years, been numerous; and, as "charity hideth a multitude of sins," we trust that he will reap the full benefit of them.

Among those acts may be enumerated his gift of the A—— estate to several superannuated Roman Catholic devotees, who sought shelter in this

country from the storms that pervaded foreign realms, and who fanatically expect "to work out their salvation" by a total exclusion from the busy world.

His present to Lloyd's of a large sum of money, for the relief of wounded seamen, &c. has likewise tended to dispel the clouds of obloquy that for some time overshadowed his character.

But what has raised him, in an eminent degree, in the opinion of many, is the circumstance of his having mi-

nistered to the wants, soothed the sorrows, and rendered placid the last moments of the Countess G——, an old branch of nobility, withered by the keen blasts of fortune, and the nipping frosts of time.

His intercourse with this lady, notwithstanding many scandalous reports, was, we will not hesitate to pronounce, upon the most undoubted authority, perfectly free from the slightest taint of criminality, and his conduct towards her, in every respect, of such a nature, as to be almost sufficient to blot from

the book of fate, and erase from the minds of men all the ill deeds of his past life.

Many have been the reports industriously inculcated, at different periods, relative to his grace's state of health, every one of which were as groundless as they were cruel.

At one time, a certain infamous daily print roundly asserted, that the duke's immortal part had taken its flight for the realms above, at a time when his grace was not only in the

highest health and spirits, but actually indulging his visual sense by a spectacle, which, we understand, is often presented at R—ch—m—nd, namely, that of three elegantly-formed females, dancing in a perfect state of nature.

We will not descant upon this latter circumstance, for it needs no comment; but we beg leave to assure the admirers and well wishers of his grace, that he, at this moment, enjoys the blessings of health in a manner truly surprising, considering his age.

Certain it is, that neglect will never undermine his constitution, for no man in his majesty's dominions takes greater care of his health, to contribute to the benefit of which is his daily, nay, his hourly study.

Every morning as soon as he rises, he immerges himself in a milk bath: gentle exercise and the most nourishing aliment, second the salubrious effects of the said immersion, and tend to counteract those of pernicious pleasures.

On the whole, his grace is apparently an evergreen, and as time will afford an opportunity both for his reformation, and atonement for past offences, we heartily wish that he may long retain the character.

For the satisfaction of such of our readers as are anxious to behold the subject of these memoirs, we beg leave to observe, that, in order to gratify their curiosity, it will be only necessary for them to repair to P—cc—d—lly, where, in the front of his house, his grace appears every fine morning, sit-

ting in a cane chair, in the balcony, enjoying the sight of the passengers, and ogling every petticoat, of whatever size or condition, that comes within his view.

His appearance is that of an antiquated beau: he is thin; his visage is small; his eyes have a disagreeable greenish cast; but his complexion is rather ruddy than otherwise. This is owing to a constant practice of his grace, who, every night ere he retires to rest, causes a thin slice of raw veal to be placed upon each of his cheeks.

Formerly, when it was the fashion to dress in a splendid manner, he complied with the custom of the day; but at present, his attire is equally as plain as that of any Bond-street lounger, and with the exception of a small brown chip hat, lined with green, has nothing particular in it.

The Duke of Quiz spends a great portion of the year in the metropolis; and, indeed, the view of the Gr—n P—rk from his house, can scarcely be excelled in any part of the kingdom.

while, however, he here beholds his foibles and vices laid open to public view, we trust, that the exposition will tend to turn him from the paths in which he has hitherto trodden.

Noble Duke, you are not immortal; for

" The cloud cap'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherits, shall dissolve,
And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,
Leave not a wreck behind."

Life is uncertain in every stage of

humanity; how much more so then in the advanced one to which you are arrived!

The grave gapes to receive you, yet you continue to wallow in the mire of debauchery.

Reparation for past enormities can still be made.

You *have* exhibited some proofs that you possess sentiments of humanity.

Thousands of your fellow-creatures

surround you, wanting the common necessaries of life—perishing with hunger—exposed unclad to the piercing blast!

Regard them then—comfort, assist them; and if no other trumpeter will start up to sound your praise,—if no other chronicler will hold you up as a bright example to the rising generation,—our poor abilities shall be devoted to the accomplishment of a task, which, to our feelings, will be infinitely more pleasing than that which we shall now conclude by a quotation, which

we recommend to your perusal, as it may prove an antidote to the pernicious praises of those parasites by whom you are surrounded, and who would fain persuade you, that your *fame* in the world of gallantry will prove immortal:—

" All *fame* is foreign, but of true desert,
" Plays round the head, but comes not near the heart:
" *One self-approving hour* whole years outweighs
" Of stupid hearers, and of loud huzzas."

POPE.

END.

Printed by J. Dean, Wardour-street, Soho.

Books just published.

3. Fashionable Haunts; or, The Gamblers: a Tale of the Eighteenth Century, 3 vols.

4. The Eventful Miniature; or, The Secret History of the Danvers Family, in 2 vols.

"Know thou this truth, enough for man to know,
"Virtue alone is happiness below."